

TM

SAM KIETH • JIM LEE • ROB LIEFELD

# DARKER IMAGE

image

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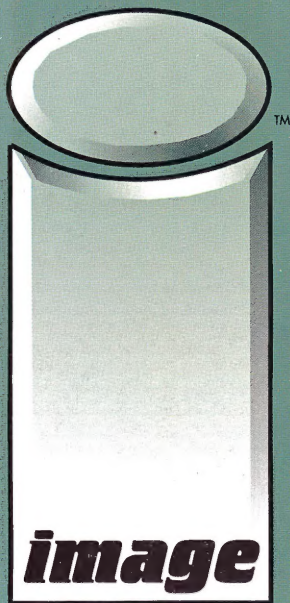
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CANADA



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PRINTED IN CANADA



HUH.

CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!

THE SOUNDS INSIDE MY  
HEAD HAVE STARTED AGAIN.

CHUNG!  
CHON!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!  
CHUNG!

GOOD.

IT HELPS ME  
THINK... FOCUS.

MY CLAWS STILL FEEL  
WET. INTERESTING.

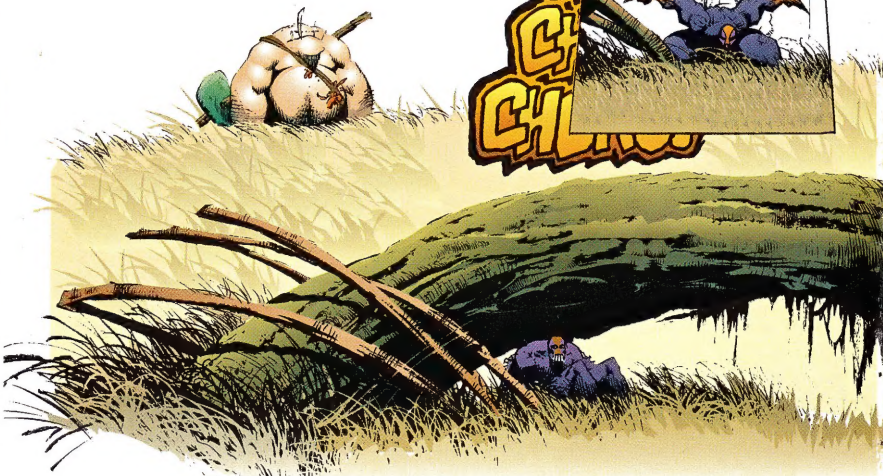
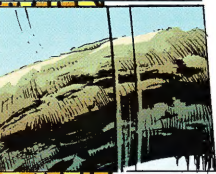
SOMEONE COMING...  
SOMEONE DANGEROUS.  
I CAN SMELL THE  
SWEATING LEATHER  
AND PEPPERMINT.



**CHUNG!**  
**CHUNG!**  
**CHU**  
**CHU**  
**CHU**  
**CHU**  
**CHU**  
**CHU**

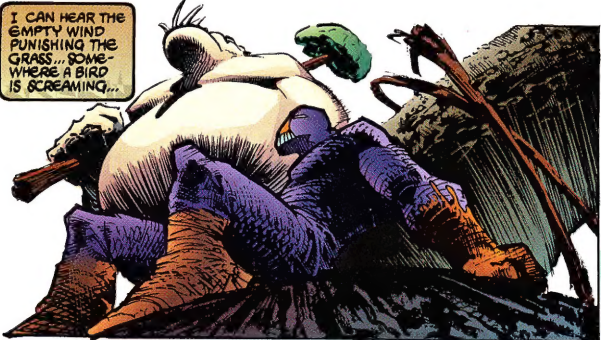
OUT HERE EVERYTHING'S  
VILE AND FILLED WITH  
HATRED LIKE AN INFECTED  
BOIL.

BUT I CAN  
HIDE. I'M  
GOOD AT  
THAT.




I RECOGNIZE HIM. HIS  
NAME'S RET'GARK'N...  
ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN  
PEOPLE. GOD CLAN.  
REALLY MEAN.

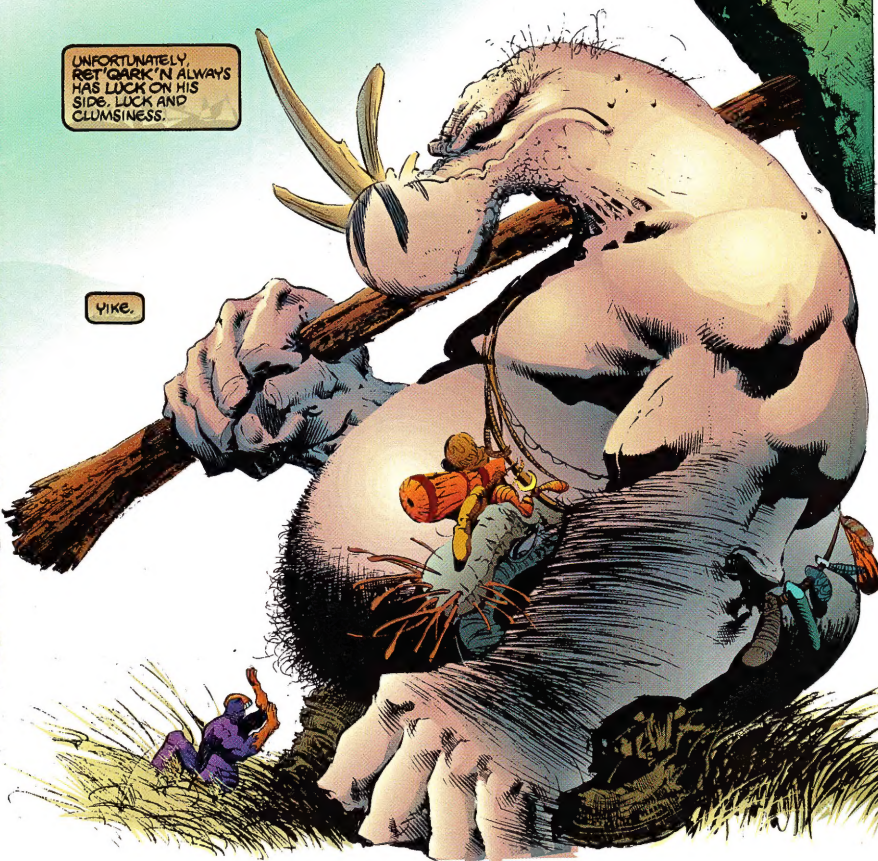




I CAN HEAR THE  
EMPTY WIND  
PUNISHING THE  
GRASS... SOME-  
WHERE A BIRD  
IS SCREAMING...



BEING NEAR  
DEATH ALWAYS  
AFFECTS ME...  
MAKES MY  
SENSES  
SHARPER...



UNFORTUNATELY,  
RET GARK'N ALWAYS  
HAS LUCK ON HIS  
SIDE, LUCK AND  
CLUMSINESS.

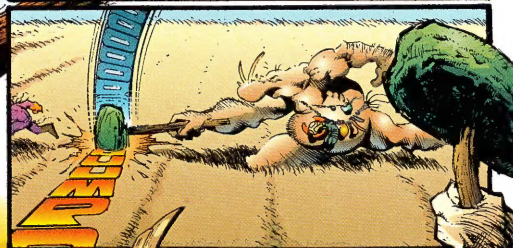
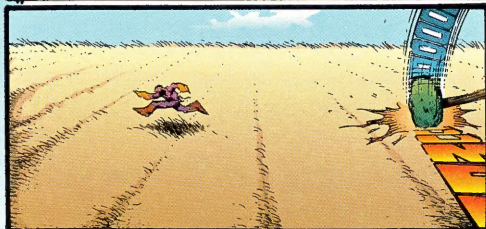
YIKE.

THEY SAY RST'QARK'N'S  
CLUB IS MADE FROM THE  
PETRIFIED HEART OF AN  
AIR WHALE...

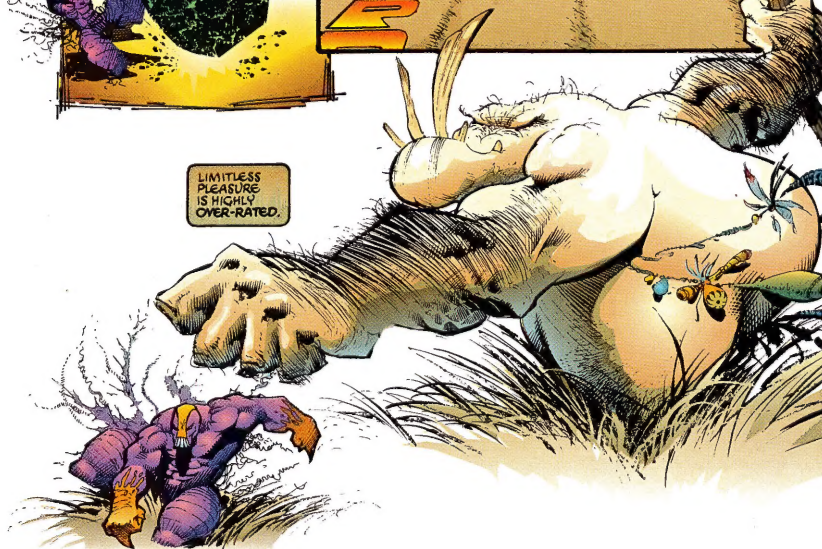
...THAT IF ANYONE IS  
SMASHED TO JELLY  
BY IT, HE WAKES IN  
PARADISE, AWASH IN  
OIL AND SWEETMILK...

...BEING SERVICED  
BY BEAUTIFUL  
SLAVES, AND FED  
PRUNES DIPPED IN  
SUGAR-SAND.

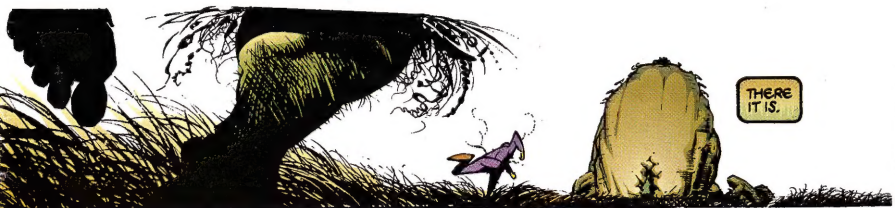
BUT THEN AGAIN,  
MEBBEE NOT...



LIMITLESS  
PLEASURE  
IS HIGHLY  
OVER-RATED.

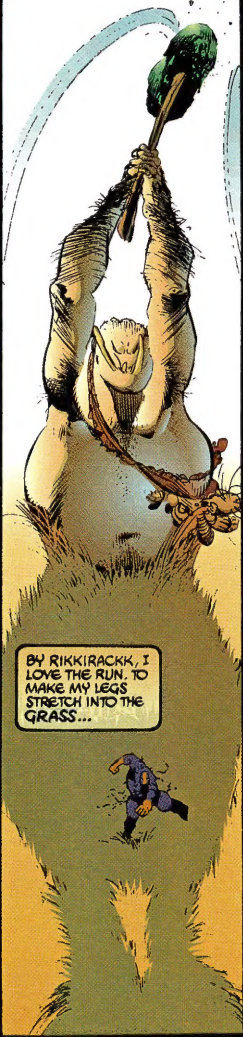




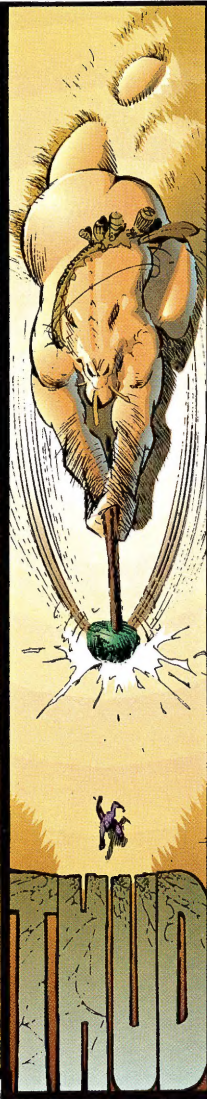


THERE  
IT IS.

ALL I HAVE  
TO DO IS  
REACH IT...



BY RIKKIRACKK, I  
LOVE THE RUN. TO  
MAKE MY LEGS  
STRETCH INTO THE  
GRASS...



RUN.  
RUN.  
RUN.



AND I'M **UNHAPPILY** I'VE  
CHOSEN THE ONE  
STONE FORTRESS  
WHICH IS FILLED  
WITH A LUSH AND  
IMPENETRABLE  
JUNGLE!

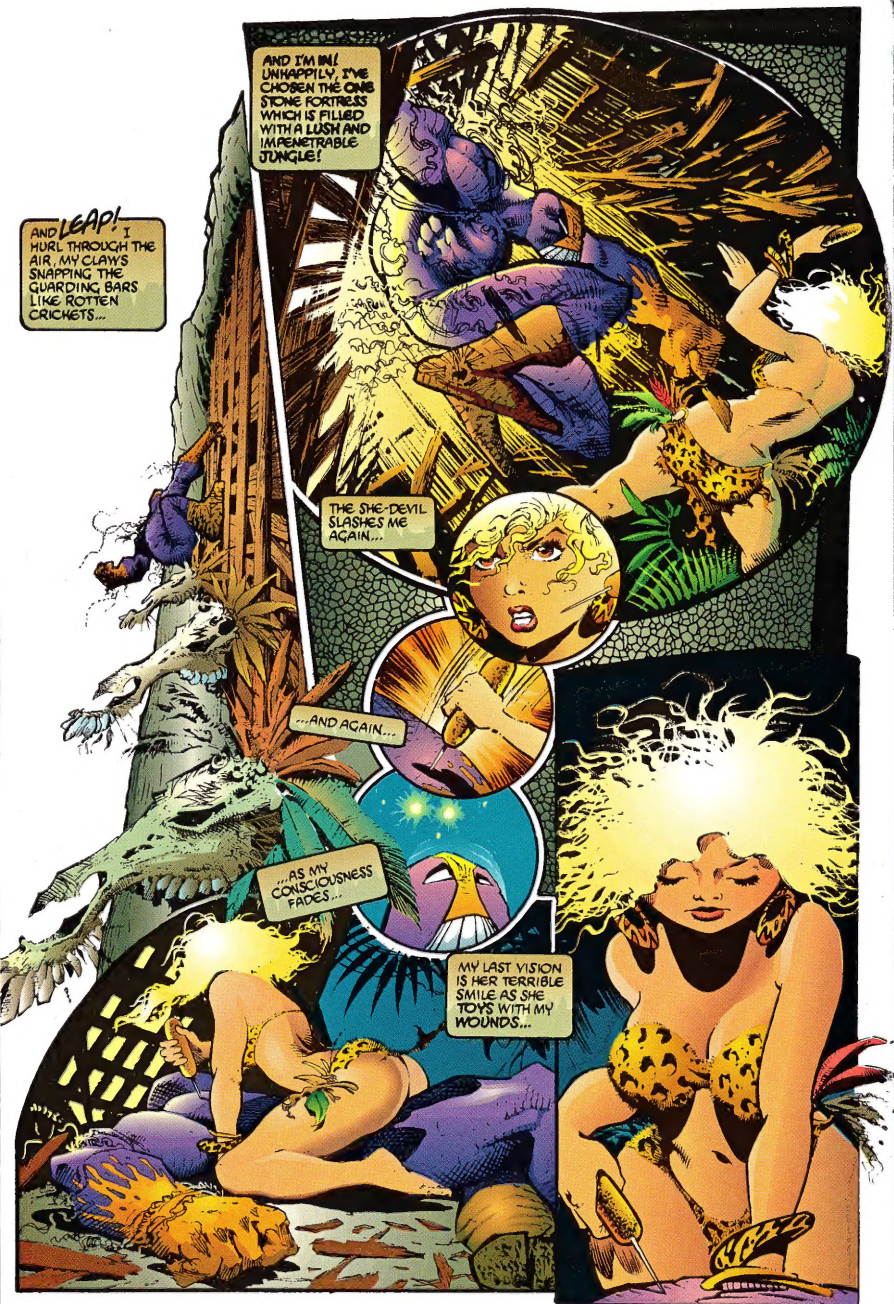
AND **LEAP!** I  
HURL THROUGH THE  
AIR, MY CLAWS  
SNAPPING THE  
GUARDING BARS  
LIKE ROTTEN  
CRICKETS...

THE SHE-DEVIL  
SLASHES ME  
AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...

...AS MY  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
FADES...

MY LAST VISION  
IS HER TERRIBLE  
SMILE AS SHE  
TOYS WITH MY  
WOUNDS...







HE ALWAYS  
COMES BACK  
HERE ALL  
WASTED...


...AND I'VE GOTTA  
CLEAN'M UP AN'  
SEDATE 'IM.

I MEAN, ALL THESE  
GUYS WHO LIVE ONNA  
STREET HAVE IT  
TOUGH, BUT JUST  
THE BANDAGES AN'  
REPAIRIN' MY WIN-  
DOWS IS BREAKIN'  
ME.

AN' HE  
SURE AIN'T  
GRATEFUL!

OR SCREAMIN'  
OUT MY WIN-  
DOWS 'BOUT  
"GOD CLANS"  
AN' "PEPPER-  
MINT"!

NOPE, IN A COUPLE 'A  
HOURS HE'LL BE UP  
AND SETTIN' OFF MY  
FIRE ALARM...



I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT IT IS 'BOUT  
HIM. HE SURE  
AIN'T CUTE!

BUT I CAN'T HELP  
WONDERIN' WHAT  
HE USTA BE...WHAT  
KINDA UNIFORM  
THOSE RAGS WERE  
...

MEBBE HE'S ONE'A  
THOSE YOUNGBLOODS?  
THAT'D BE COOL...OR  
AN AMNESIAC ROCK  
STAR, COOLER STILL.

ONE THING F'R STONG  
SURE...IF I DON'T GET  
HIS HEAD STRAIGHT  
SOON, THE BOYS GONNA  
GET ME EVICTED!



# eventually,

everyone will be able to buy skins and bones at their local dealer. If they ask. Of course, it's just possible you think any old bag or back-board or divider will keep your comics perfect for years.

It's also possible if you wrestled a rhino with your bare hands, you'd win.



**ASK FOR IT BY NAME**

WELCOME BACK TO THE BEGINNING

# WILDC.A.T.S.

COMBAT ACTION-TEAM

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ART  
BY HOMAGE  
NEWCOMER  
BRETT  
BOOTH

COMING IN MAY 1993  
**WILDC.A.T.S. #0**

FOUND ONLY IN THE WILDC.A.T.S. MINI-SERIES TRADE PAPERBACK

JIM LEE • BRETT BOOTH • BRANDON CHOI

SCOTT WILLIAMS • JOE CHIDO • MICHAEL HEISLER



# BLOOD WOLF

PRAXON 9  
LAST O' THE PRAXON MOONS.

USED TO BE THE BIGGEST  
TRADE PLANET THIS SIDE  
O' THE GALAXY BEFORE  
THEY WENT TO WAR.

EMPEROR PRAXON PROMISED  
EACH OF HIS NINE SONS ONE  
PLANET BEFORE HE DIED.

BIG MISTAKE.



THEY'VE BEEN  
KILLIN' EACH  
OTHER EVER  
SINCE.

YOU CAN'T EVEN LAND  
WITHOUT TOP SECURITY  
CLEARANCE.

LUCKY FOR ME I INTERCEPTED  
THAT *COURIER* EN ROUTE TO PRAXON.

NOW I'M MAKIN' LIKE THE  
DELIVERY BOY. I GOT IT'S  
NOT QUITE THE PACKAGE  
THEY'RE EXPECTIN'.

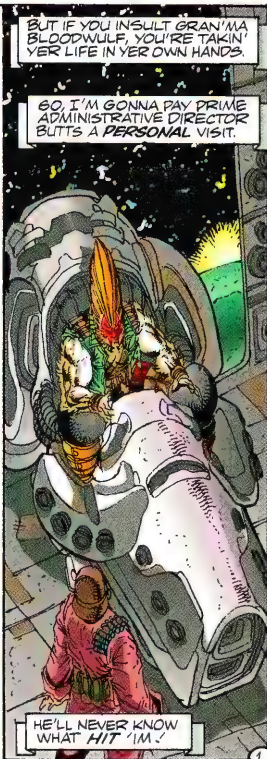
Y'SEE, TWO O' THE  
EMPEROR'S SONS  
INSULTED MY  
GRAN'MA.

BUT IF YOU INSULT GRAN'MA  
BLOODWOLF, YOU'RE TAKIN'  
YER LIFE IN YER OWN HANDS.

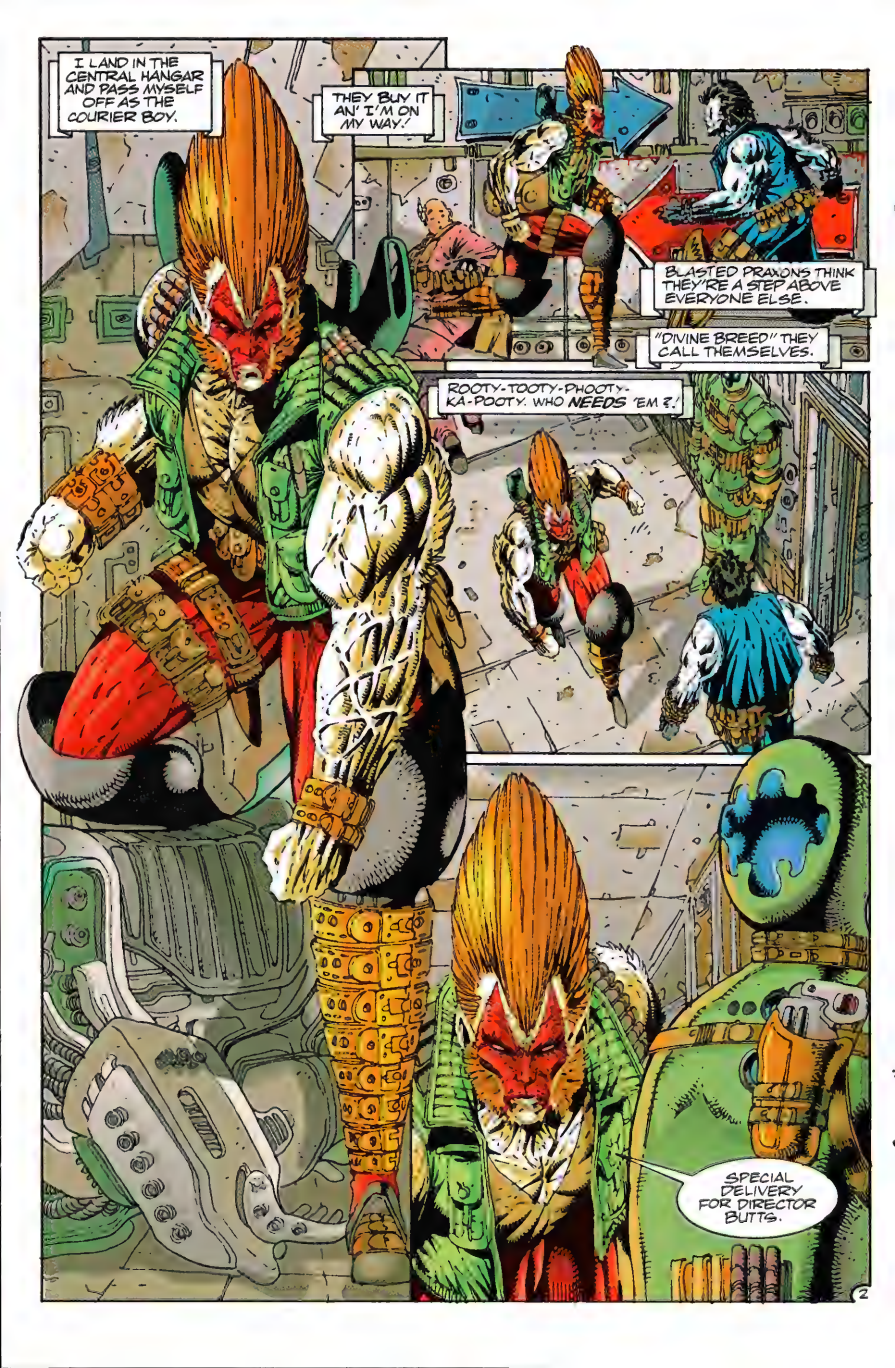
SO, I'M GONNA PAY PRIME  
ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTOR  
BUTTS A *PERSONAL* VISIT.



MISTAKE NUMERO *L/NO*.  
I MEAN YOU CAN INSULT  
ME. I GOT THICK SKIN  
I CAN TAKE IT.



HE'LL NEVER KNOW  
WHAT *HIT* 'IM.



I LAND IN THE  
CENTRAL HANGAR  
AND PASS MYSELF  
OFF AS THE  
COURIER BOY.

THEY BUY IT  
AN' I'M ON  
MY WAY!

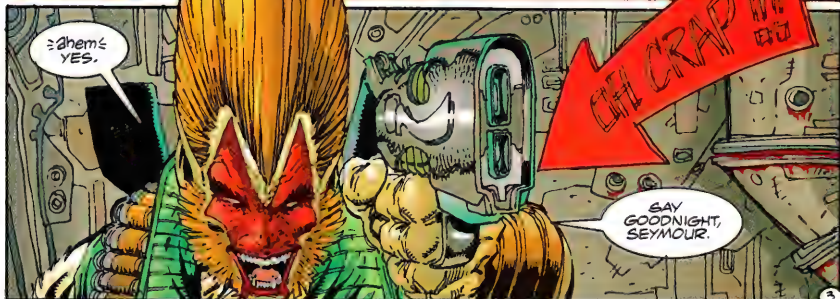
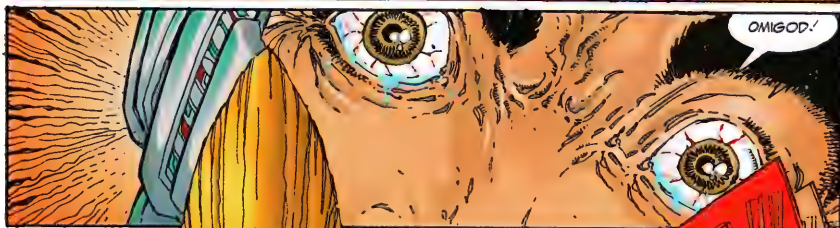
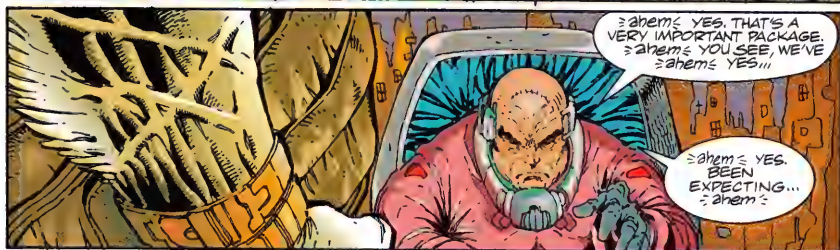
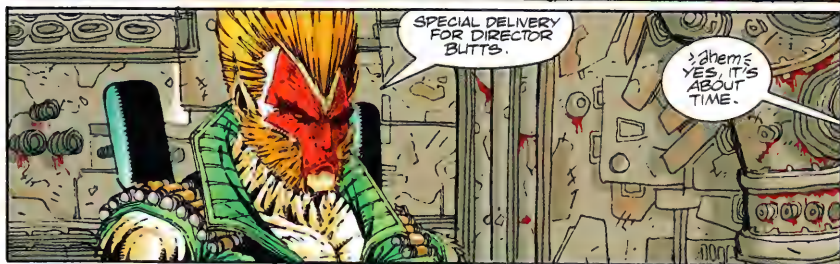
BLASTED PRAXONS THINK  
THEY'RE A STEP ABOVE  
EVERYONE ELSE.

"DIVINE BREED" THEY  
CALL THEMSELVES.

ROOTY-TOOTY-PHOOTY-  
KA-POOTY. WHO NEEDS 'EM ?!

SPECIAL  
DELIVERY  
FOR DIRECTOR  
BUTTS.





# DOOM'S<sup>TM</sup> IV

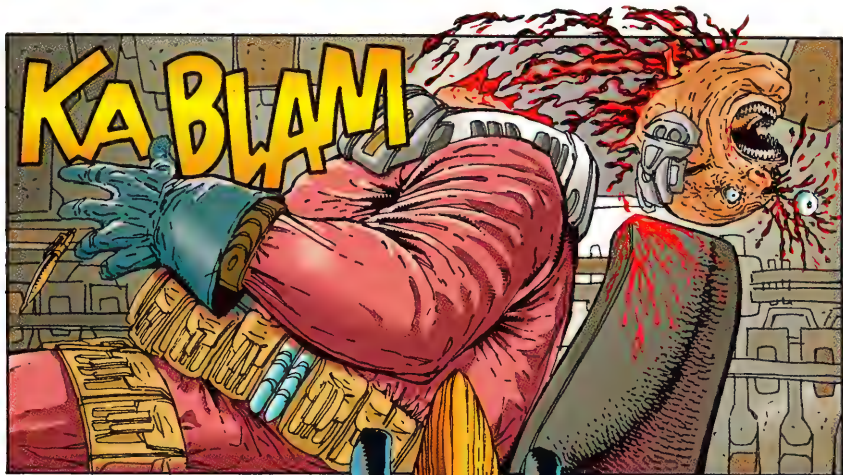


ROB LIEFELD • MARK PACELLA

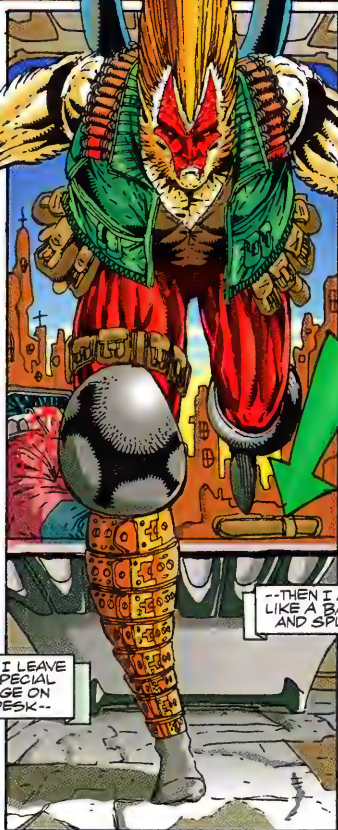
JUNE '93

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SO LONG,  
SEYMOUR.



--THEN I MAKE  
LIKE A BANANA  
AND SPLIT!

.FIRST, I LEAVE  
MY SPECIAL  
PACKAGE ON  
THE DESK--



'FIGURE I ONLY  
GOT ABOUT A  
MINUTE BEFORE  
THEY'RE ONTO ME.

GET  
THAT  
GUY!!

RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

THEY'RE ALL OVER ME  
LIKE STINK ON POOP!

HOLD ON, HANGAR, HERE I COME!!

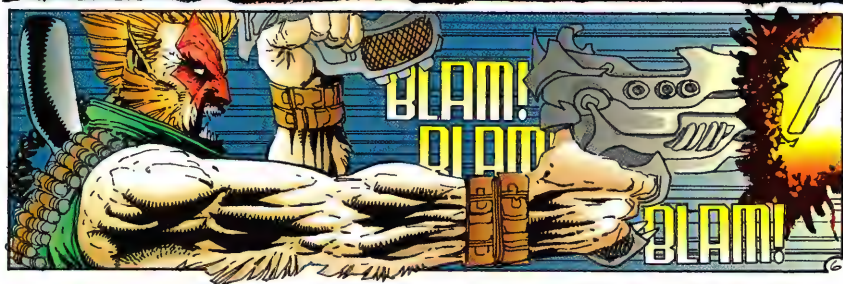
ALMOST THERE...

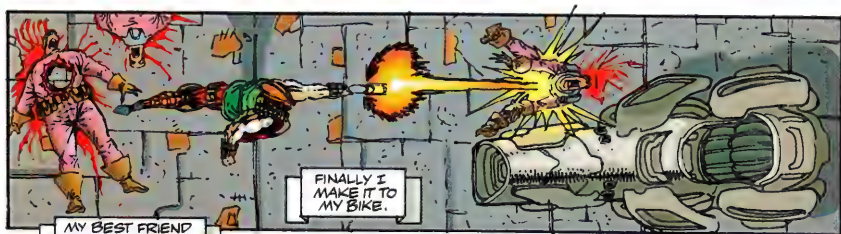
WHOA, BOY!

FLAMIN'  
CARROTS!

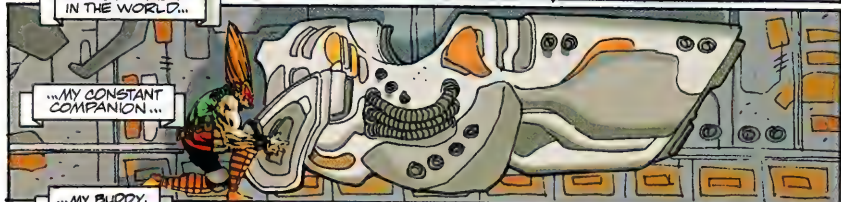
I'M TRAPPED!



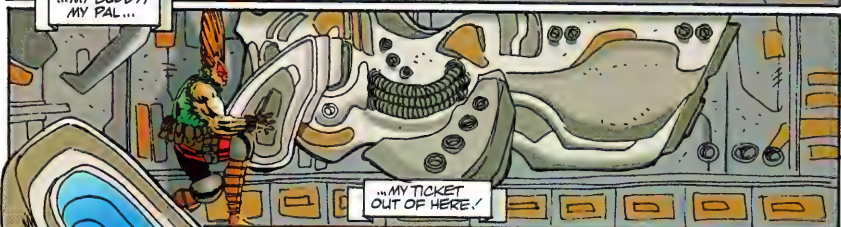




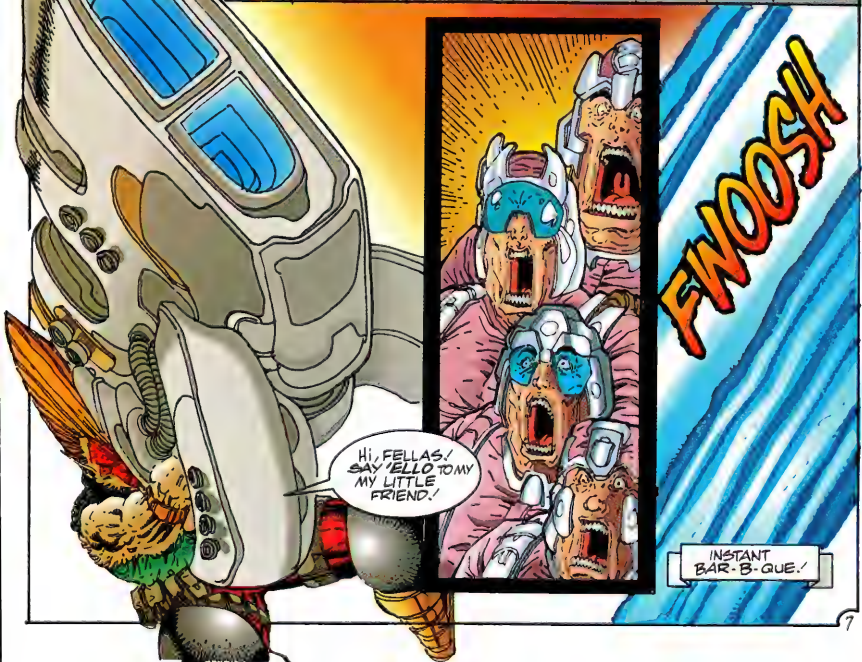
MY BEST FRIEND  
IN THE WORLD...



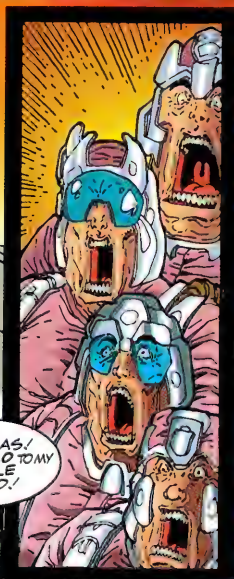
...MY BUDDY,  
MY PAL...



...MY TICKET  
OUT OF HERE!



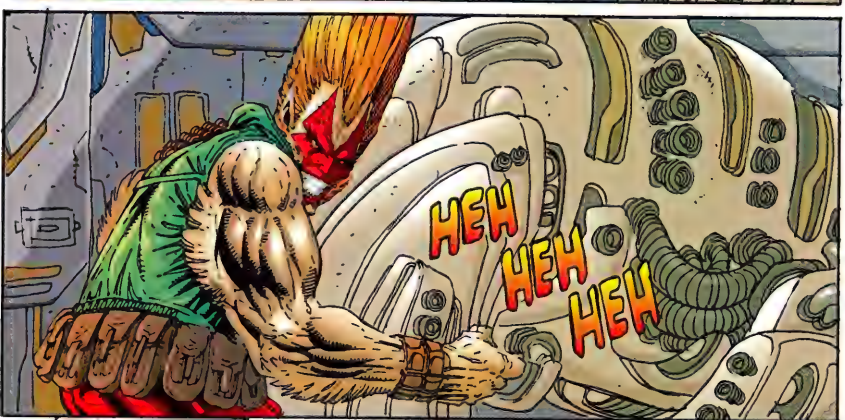
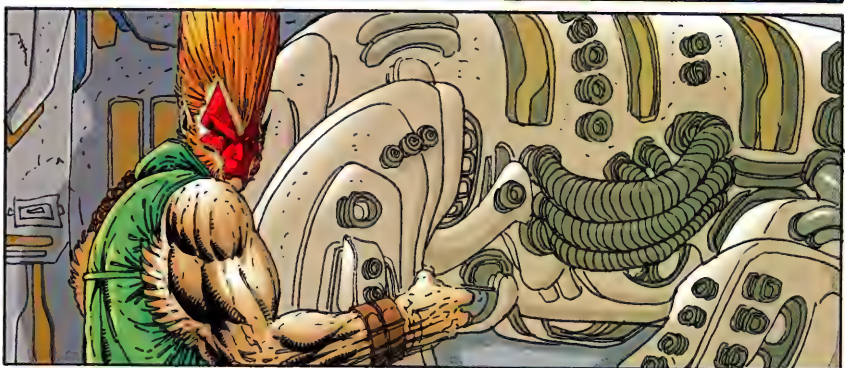
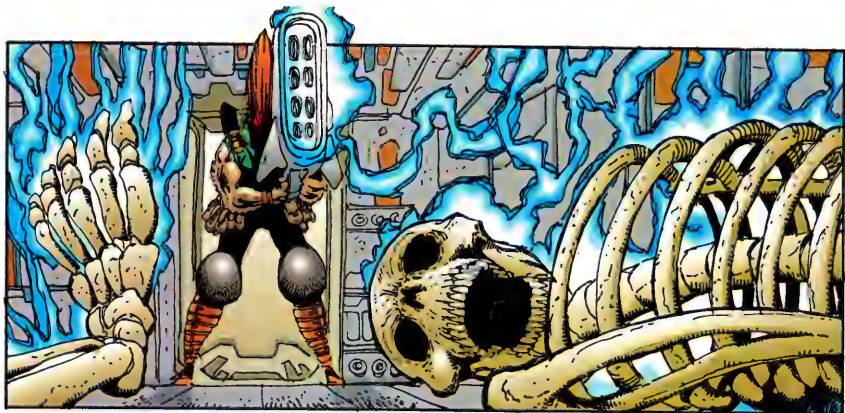
HI, FELLAS!  
SAY 'ELLO TO MY  
LITTLE FRIEND!

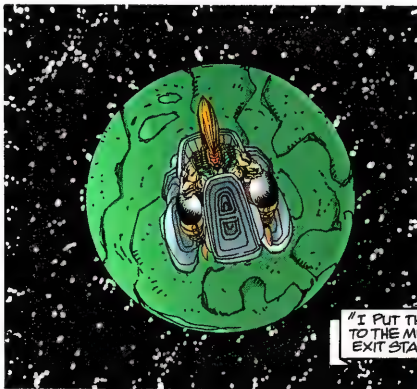


FWOOSH

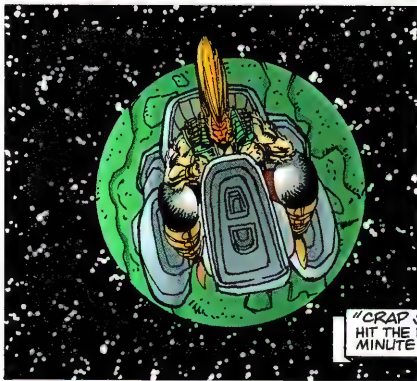
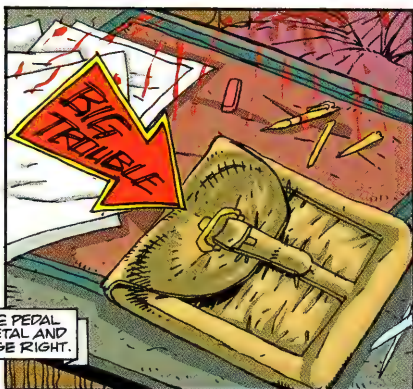
INSTANT  
BAR-B-QUE!



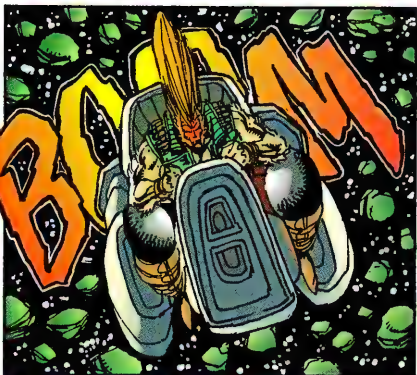
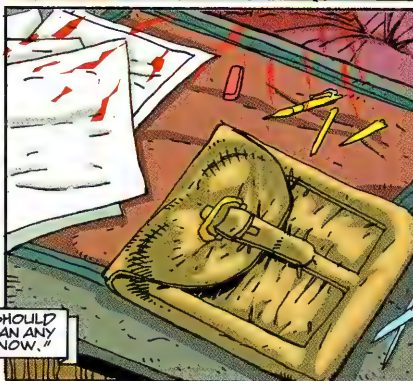




"I PUT THE PEDAL  
TO THE METAL AND  
EXIT STAGE RIGHT."



"CRAP SHOULD  
HIT THE FAN ANY  
MINUTE NOW."



END



# YOUNGBLOOD™

## BLOODSHOT™



THIS BLOOD'S FOR YOU!

JULY 1993.

I HATE THE  
JUNGLE.

NOTHING  
BUT GODDAMN  
FOLIAGE.

BUT I HATE  
THIS HEAT  
EVEN MORE.

TOO HUMID TO  
EVEN SWEAT.

THE LONGER I'M ON  
THE RIVER, THE MORE  
I REMEMBER WHY I  
NEVER BOTHERED  
COMING BACK TO  
THIS HELLHOLE.

HEY GRINGO! COME  
UP ON DE DECK! MAYBE  
YOU ENJOY DE SUN AND  
CATCH DE SIGHTS, EH?  
HA! HA!

HIS NAME'S PAULO.

HE LIKES TO LIVE DAN-  
GEROUSLY BY PLAYING  
BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE.

MOST OF THE TIME, HE RUNS THE  
DRUG TRAFFICKERS UP AND DOWN  
THIS #10 LITTLE RIVER, BUT HE  
GETS THE OCCASIONAL SPOOK  
NOW AND THEN. TALKS TOO MUCH  
FOR HIS OWN GOOD BUT HE  
KNOWS THE ROUTINE.

I'VE BEEN RUNNING  
FOR THIRTY-SIX HOURS  
STRAIGHT NOW.

BUT ONLY FOUR  
MORE TO GO.

I CHECK THE HARDWARE  
I SCORED FROM AN OLD  
I.O. CACHE. THE BOYS  
AT MCLEAN WILL REALLY  
APPRECIATE THAT.  
'SPECIALLY LYNCH.


THEN IT'S TIME  
TO DROP THE  
DISGUISE...

...PUT ON MY  
GAME FACE...

...AND GET DOWN  
TO BUSINESS.

THE PIETRO.  
DON'T KNOW  
WHY I STILL  
BOTHER  
BRINGING  
THE OLD 92  
WITH ME.



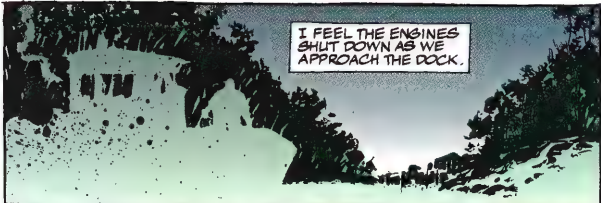


TRY TO SLEEP  
BUT THERE'S  
NO POINT.

THE BEADS OF  
SWEAT ROLLING  
DOWN MY FACE  
FEEL LIKE AN  
ARMY OF MARCH-  
ING ANTS.

BUT THE SUN'S  
GOING DOWN.

JUST HAVE TO  
WAIT A LITTLE  
LONGER.



I FEEL THE ENGINES  
SHUT DOWN AS WE  
APPROACH THE DOCK.



HEY GRINGO!  
YOU STILL ALIVE  
DOWN THER---

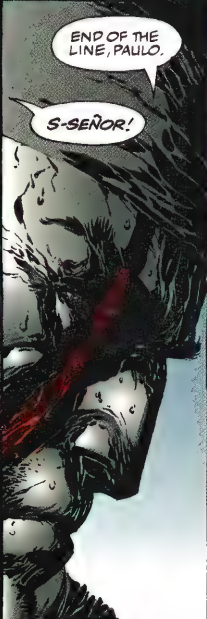


EH?!



UH...AMIGO  
WE...WE'VE  
ARRIVED.

I GET  
PAID NOW...  
YES?



END OF THE  
LINE, PAULO.

S-SEÑOR!



THEN IT'S  
SHOWTIME!

MADRE  
DIO!

I THINK  
YOU'RE PRAYIN'  
TO THE WRONG  
SIDE, PAULO.

NO! SEÑOR,  
FOR FAVOR! I...  
I CAN HELP  
YOU!

I...I HAVE...  
INFORMATION...





LISTENING TO HIM  
BEG AND PLEAD, I  
REMEMBER WHY I  
BROUGHT THE  
PIETRO.



GOT  
EVERYTHING  
I NEED,  
PAULO.

BUT  
THANKS FOR  
THE RIDE.

BLAM  
BLAM

ALWAYS DID  
TALK TOO MUCH  
FOR HIS OWN  
GOOD.



17:30:00  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

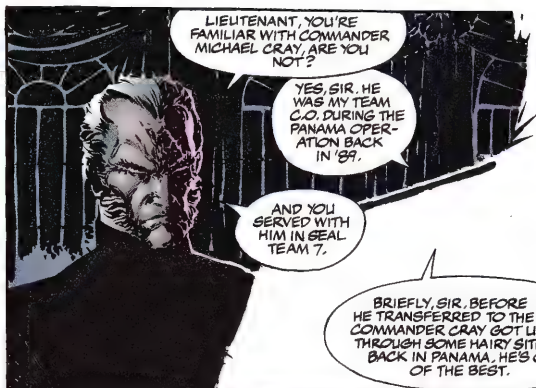
"LIEUTENANT  
JUNIOR GRADE  
J.L. CONRAD,  
REPORTING AS  
ORDERED, SIR!"

"PLEASE, COME IN,  
LIEUTENANT. NATIONAL  
SECURITY CZAR CRAYEN  
AND I ARE GLAD TO  
SEE YOU ACCEPTED  
OUR INVITATION."

"IT'S AN HONOR  
TO HAVE THE  
OPPORTUNITY  
TO WORK WITH  
THE SOG," SIR."

"NO NEED FOR MODESTY,  
LIEUTENANT. YOU AND  
YOUR TEAM DISTIN-  
GUISHED YOURSELVES  
IN DESERT STORM BY  
KNOCKING OUT THOSE  
MOBILE SCUDS."

"LET'S DISPENSE  
WITH THE MUTUAL  
ADMIRATION SOCI-  
ETY, SHALL WE,  
GENTLEMEN? WE  
DON'T HAVE MUCH  
TIME. I'LL LET  
DIRECTOR LYNCH  
BRING YOU UP TO  
SPEED ON OUR  
SITUATION."

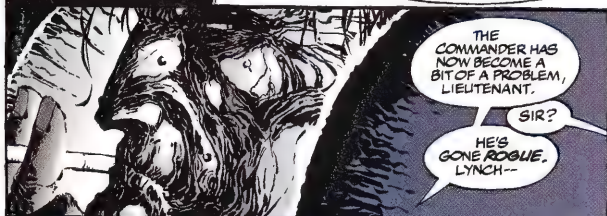


LIEUTENANT, YOU'RE  
FAMILIAR WITH COMMANDER  
MICHAEL CRAY, ARE YOU  
NOT?

YES, SIR. HE  
WAS MY TEAM  
C.O. DURING THE  
PANAMA OPERA-  
TION BACK  
IN '89.

AND YOU  
SERVED WITH  
HIM IN SEAL  
TEAM 7.

BRIEFLY, SIR. BEFORE  
HE TRANSFERRED TO THE SOG,  
COMMANDER CRAY GOT US  
THROUGH SOME HAIRY SITUATIONS  
BACK IN PANAMA. HE'S ONE  
OF THE BEST.



THE  
COMMANDER HAS  
NOW BECOME A  
BIT OF A PROBLEM,  
LIEUTENANT.

SIR?

HE'S  
GONE ROGUE.  
LYNCH--

BACK IN '90, CRAY AND HIS  
PARTNER COVERTLY INFIL-  
TRATED COSTA MESA ON AN  
SOG MISSION TO INTERDICT  
CERTAIN DRUG  
TRAFFICKING ROUTES.

UNFORTUNATELY,  
THEY WERE DISCOVERED.  
CRAY MANAGED TO ES-  
CAPE BUT HIS PARTNER  
WAS CAPTURED.

THE LEADER  
OF THE JUNTA,  
GENERAL MANUEL  
ORTEGA, NEVER RE-  
PORTED THE INCIDENT,  
BUT HE TORTURED  
AND KILLED OUR MAN.  
CRAY'S ALWAYS FELT  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THE MAN'S DEATH.


ANYWAY, CRAY'S  
BACK IN COSTA MESA  
TO EVEN THE SCORE  
BY ASSASSINATING  
ORTEGA.

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND, SIR.  
WHY NOW?



HE'S DYING,  
LIEUTENANT  
CONRAD.





DURING HIS LAST  
CHECK-UP AT BETHESDA  
DOCTORS DISCOVERED HE  
HAD TERMINAL CANCER.  
AN INOPERABLE BRAIN  
TUMOR.

PROBABLY PUSHED  
HIM OVER THE EDGE.  
WE THINK HE'S DECIDED  
TO GO OUT WITH A BANG  
AND TAKE ORTEGA  
WITH HIM.

WHILE HIS  
REGIME HAS BEEN  
LINKED TO THE  
MEDELLIN CARTEL,  
THE RIGHT-WING MILITARY  
GOVERNMENT IS STILL  
VITAL TO OUR NATIONAL  
SECURITY AS WELL  
AS TO OUR SCOPE  
OF OPERATIONS IN  
CENTRAL AMERICA.

IT IS IMPERATIVE  
THAT YOU STOP COMMANDER  
CRAY BEFORE HE REACHES  
ORTEGA.

BECAUSE OF YOUR  
PAST EXPERIENCE WITH  
HIM, YOU'LL LEAD THE  
STRIKE TEAM ON THIS  
MISSION.

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LOVE  
WILL  
END  
ALL  
TIME!**

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VERY  
GOOD, SIR.

YOU'LL BE FLYING  
OUT OF MACPILL AIR  
FORCE BASE TO OUR  
STAGING POINT IN THE  
HONDURAS AND THEN  
CHOPPERED INTO COSTA  
MESA TONIGHT. THIS  
SHOULD GIVE YOU THE  
JUMP ON CRAY.

ONCE YOU FIND  
COMMANDER CRAY,  
YOU ARE TO  
TERMINATE HIM  
ON SIGHT.

TERMINATE...

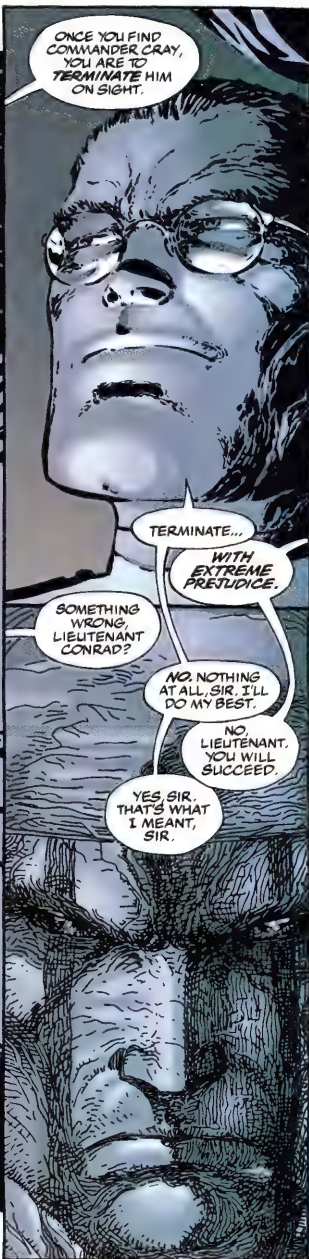
WITH  
EXTREME  
PREJUDICE.

SOMETHING  
WRONG,  
LIEUTENANT  
CONRAD?

NO. NOTHING  
AT ALL, SIR. I'LL  
DO MY BEST.

NO,  
LIEUTENANT.  
YOU WILL  
SUCCEED.

YES SIR.  
THAT'S WHAT  
I MEANT,  
SIR.





~~SHIT!~~ CRAY,  
A ROGUE?

I NEVER KNEW A  
MORE GLING-HO  
PATRIOTIC SON  
OF A BITCH IN MY  
ENTIRE LIFE!

HAVING CANCER AIN'T  
EXACTLY A WALK IN THE  
PARK, BUT HELL, HE'S  
FACED DEATH MORE  
TIMES THAN A BANGKOK  
WHORE'S BEEN  
INOCULATED BY THE  
SEVENTH FLEET.

IT JUST COMES WITH  
THE TERRITORY.  
ESPECIALLY WITH THE  
TEAMS. JUST DOESN'T  
MAKE ANY SENSE.

BESIDES, IF IT  
WEREN'T FOR HIM,  
I'D BE PLANTED  
SIX FEET UNDER IN  
ARLINGTON. I OWE  
THE MAN FOR SAV-  
ING MY HIDE  
TWICE BACK IN  
PANAMA.

NONE OF THIS  
SHOULD MAKE  
ANY DIFFERENCE  
TO ME.

BUT IT  
DOES.


I GUESS THE  
OTHERS ARE  
HERE TO MAKE  
SURE THE JOB  
GETS DONE.  
THEY'RE ALL  
YOUNG TURKS,  
LIKE ME, LOOK-  
ING TO MAKE  
A NAME FOR  
THEMSELVES.

HOPPER IS  
GREEN BERET.  
THE WEAPONS  
AND ORDNANCE  
EXPERT. PACK-  
ING HARDWARE  
I'VE NEVER  
EVEN SEEN  
BEFORE.


FORD'S MARINE  
RECON. HE'S OUR  
JUNGLE WARFARE  
SPECIALIST. KNOWS  
COSTA MESA LIKE  
THE BACK OF HIS  
HAND.

AND BLACKBIRD,  
A RANGER. RUMOR  
HAS IT THERE'S  
NOTHING ON THIS  
PLANET HE CAN'T  
TRACK.

IT ALMOST SEEMS  
UNFAIR. ALL OF US  
AGAINST ONE DYING  
MAN. BUT THEN I  
REMINDED MYSELF WHO  
WE'RE DEALING WITH.



AFTER WE FINALIZE OUR  
PICK-UP POINT AND  
RADIO FREQS, THE BLACK-  
HAWK HEADS HOME AND  
IT'S JUST US, CRAY AND  
THE JUNGLE.



BLACKBIRD'S PICKED UP HIS  
TRAIL BUT SOMEHOW THE OLD  
MAN'S ALREADY MANAGED TO  
GET AHEAD OF US.

THE MAN MAY BE DYING BUT  
HE'S NOT GOING OUT EASY.  
HE'S MAKING IT INTO A RACE.

I MIGHT EVEN ENJOY THIS  
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE DAMN  
HEAT AND HUMIDITY. REMINDS  
ME TOO MUCH OF PANAMA.



I HATE THE  
JUNGLE.



22:00:00  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

"ANYTHING  
INTERESTING  
ON THE WIRE,  
JACK?"

"THAT GREEN  
FINHEAD IN  
CHICAGO HAS  
MADE THE  
NATIONAL NEWS  
AGAIN. THE GUYS  
A REGULAR ONE-  
MAN STRIKE  
FORCE."

"TOO BAD WE  
DIDN'T FIND HIM  
BEFORE THE  
POLICE DID.  
COULD'VE USED  
A MAN WITH  
HIS TALENTS."

"THERE ARE ALSO  
CONFIRMED RE-  
PORTS OF AN  
UNREGISTERED  
SPB\* TRASHING  
A BIKER GANG  
IN NEW YORK..."

"NOW, THAT  
MERITS LOOKING  
INTO. WE SHOULD  
SEND--"

PRIORITY  
MESSAGE FROM  
THE CENTRAL  
AMERICAN STATION  
CHIEF. THE STRIKE  
TEAM HAS JUST  
BEEN INSERTED  
AND IS HEADED  
INLAND.

EXCELLENT.  
HOW LONG  
BEFORE  
THEY MAKE  
CONTACT?

RIGHT NOW  
THEY'RE ABOUT THIRTY  
KLIKES FROM ORTEGA'S  
COMPOUND. IT SHOULD  
ALL BE OVER IN THE  
NEXT SIX HOURS.

DO YOU THINK  
THE MISSION WAS  
REALLY NECESSARY,  
CONSIDERING THE  
RISKS INVOLVED?

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT  
I THINK. ONLY WHAT IS  
BELIEVED.

ORTEGA HAS BECOME  
A POLITICAL ALBATROSS  
FOR THIS ADMINISTRATION  
AND THE PEOPLE ON PENN-  
SYLVANIA AVENUE WANT  
THE MATTER RESOLVED  
WITH CREDIBLE  
DENIABILITY.

THAT'S  
OUR  
JOB,  
JACK.

\*SUPER POWERED BEING.

TO BE CONTINUED



# STORMWATCH



**SCOTT CLARK • TREVOR SCOTT**

**THE BIGGEST BY THE BEST**

**image**



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STORY BY DAFYDD WYN AND BRANDON CHOI

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